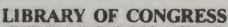
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Hon. O. Nelson M.C.

PREDICTION AND FULFILMENT,

TWO

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RELATIVE TO THE ELECTION OF

JOHN CUINCY ADAMS,

AS

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LEROY ANDERSON.

, , ,

RICHMOND:

PRINTED BY T. W. WHITE, MARKET-BRIDGE

1825.

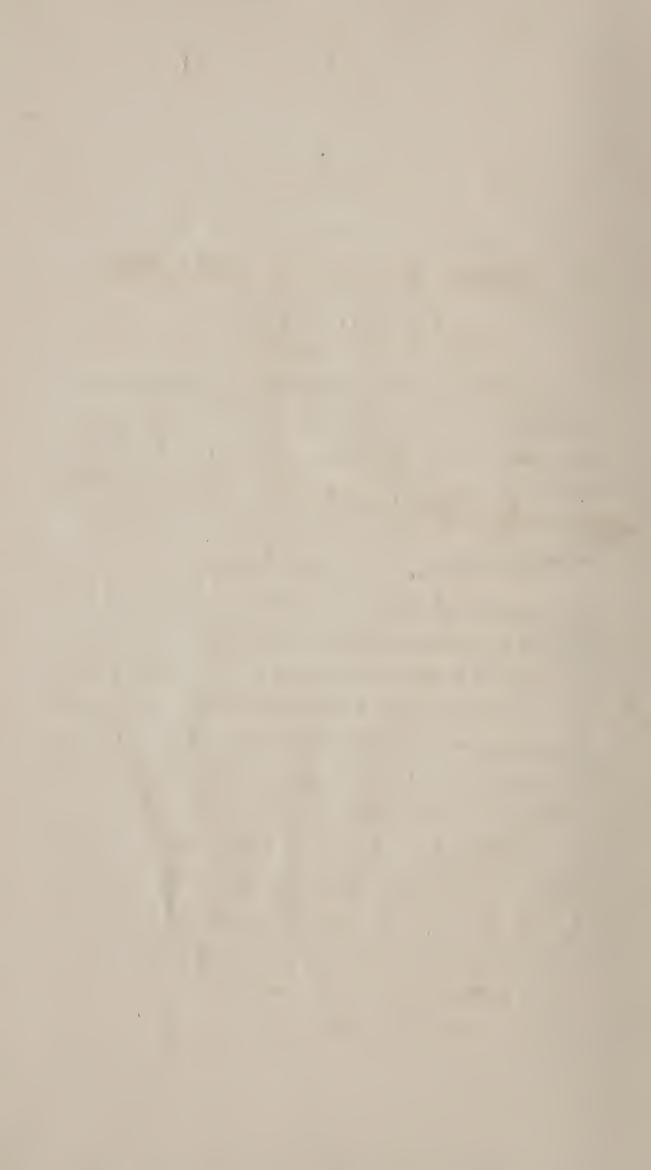
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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN the summer of 1809, being a temporary resident of the mountainous and romantic country above Lynchburg, Virginia, the author of the following trifles, read for the first time, Mr. Adams's Valedictory Address to the class attending his Lectures on Rhetoric, on leaving them to proceed on his embassy to Russia.

Being much affected by the feeling and eloquence displayed in the Address, the author ventured to predict in an essay published at the time, in one of the Lynchburg papers, that Mr. Adams would become President of the United States;—and on the return of Mr. A. from Russia, this anticipation was, in 1817, commemorated in a poetical effusion addressed to Mr. A., which forms the first of the two pieces now published, under the title of "Prediction." Though often shown in MS. it is now for the first time committed to the press. Its subsequent "Fulfilment," has of course been written since the fact of Mr. A's. election was ascertained.



TO

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Adams, a bard to thee unknown, I deem,
Awakes a friendly but unpractised lyre,
Thy civic virtues offer him a theme,
Thy genius and thy worth his lays inspire.

PREDICTION.

EIGHT years are past, since in the shade, Where distant in the western skies, The Peaks of Otter, stand displayed, Like towers that o'er the landscape rise, To Massachusetts' youth addressed, Thy Valedictory, I read, And felt within my conscious breast, The glow of admiration spread.

Each votary of feeling and of taste,
By literature, or love of country graced,
On the same genial picture raptured dwelt;
By all Columbia's public prints diffused,
That farewell lecture, every bosom warmed;
Its style at once instructed and amused,
Its eloquence inspired, its feeling charmed.

Then Fancy, with prophetic eye,
The veil of dark futurity,
Pierced—and beheld thy star ascend
To the meridian of renown,
Where statesman, sage, and patriot blend,
And better than a monarch's crown,
Columbia's chief receives the high reward,
His country's glorious destinies to guard.

The vision pleased; and with predictive pen,

I bade our mountain print announce thy name,

Next on the list of those illustrious men,

By freedom's votes already crowned with fame;

As Madison's successor, I foretold,

Thy country's voice would call thee to the chair;

Prophetic ardour took a flight too bold,

And "disappointment smiled at hope's career."

Yet, had not destiny ordained,

Or thy enlightened choice declared,

That distant from thy native land,

Its welfare thou could'st better guard,

My prophecy had not been vain—

With deference for thy claims inspired,

Monroe perhaps had not desired

His present eminence to gain.

Too oft Virginia's sons had favoured been,
In sharing the first office of the state,
And with regret by candid minds 'twas seen,
Another triumph must her brow elate:
Full many wished that virtuous Monroe,
More north or south, his earliest breath had drawn,
That no discordant jealousies might flow,
From a new honour to Virginia shown.

Hence, may it fairly be inferred,

If absence had not veiled thy claim,

Thy talents, services and fame,

Above Monroe's had been preferred.

At home, abroad, thy steady zeal,

In senates, and in Europe's courts,

Thro' life has served the public weal,

Which now thy pen so well supports.

Like thy illustrious, patriotic sire,

Thy eloquence and energy have moved

The proudest thrones of Europe, to admire

Columbia's cause—and watchfully improved

Each fortunate occurrence that arose,

To animate her friends, and awe her foes;

Each triumph of her sons, by land or sea,

Thy diplomatic zeal thus made a double victory.

PREDICTION.

How swelled with patriot joy thy breast,

When gallant Hull's successful blow,

First humbled Britain's haughty crest,

And taught her pride our strength to know!

What pleasure sparkled in thy eye,

When Jones a second trophy won!

But when Decatur's deed was done,

Thy exultation rose to ecstasy.

And well it might—the trump of fame had blown
Wide thro' the world, the triumph of our arms;
Admiring Europe echoed our renown,
And Britain's throne was shaken with alarms.
Nor felt alone our diplomatic corps,
Their own importance with their country's rise;
Americans of every class, on every shore,
Assumed a loftier post, and prouder rolled their eyes.

Proud times were those—yet brighter days,
In destiny's unopened page
Reserved, perhaps, may higher raise,
The triumphs of the present age.
Then ably guide with skilful hand,
The helm entrusted to thy care,
And let the glory of our land,
Thy wisdom, zeal, and talents share.

Thus, ere the present century shall round
The second decade of its circling years,
May Quincy's name in every State resound,
Joined with the praise that public life endears.
And wisely moderate, should Monroe decide,
A second term of office to decline,
May the next name that's summon'd to preside
First in the Nation's phoice, be Adams, thine.

Richmond, August, 1817.

FULFILMENT.

"May the next name that's summoned to preside First in the nation's choice, be Adams, thine!"

SO closed a strain of former days,

Spontaneous sung in Adams' praise;

And tho' its prophecy was bold,

And years of doubt between have rolled,

Its truth has gained the stamp of fate,

To give it currency and weight;

And Adams, called by Heaven's command,

Presides in wisdom o'er the land.

For this auspicious, pleasing consummation,
Which crowns the brightest prospects of the nation,
Let all enlightened citizens rejoice,
And grateful millions raise a thankful voice;
And may Virginia's liberal sons, at length,
All join to swell the general anthem's strength;
And let the well earned praise of Adams rise
Without a note of discord, to the skies!

Crawford, the great example set,

And mindful of thy native State,

Magnanimously lead the way,

Its lofty spirit to display;

A spirit that disdains the art,

Of a malignant, envious heart,

And drops, as soon as contest ends,

The rival's part, to play the friend's.

So, when the Grecian chiefs were drawn of yore,

By beauty's charms to Lacedemon's shore,

And all the noblest spirits of the land,

Contended keenly for bright Helen's hand,

Soon as her smile, the young Atrides won,

The strife was ended, and their warfare done;

The rival chiefs, like generous friends combined,

To guard the sceptre, which their hopes resigned.

Thee, generous Clay, we see with pride,
Already on the Adams' side,
And foremost of the friendly band,
In the great council of the land,
His talents and his worth to own,
His public services to crown,
And to the highest station raise
The zeal and virtue he displays.

Keep near him, Clay, and let the vivid glow
Of thy enlightened mind, its ardour throw
Into each measure which his patriot mind,
In freedom's cause, has gen'rously designed;
Wide o'er the west and south, combined diffuse
The blended lights of your expanded views;
And let America's entire extent,
Reap the rich harvest of your grand intent.

The present is an age sublime,

As ever graced the march of time;

And never did prophetic eye

See freedom's lustre rise so high;

From Arctic to Antarctic sea,

Extends the light of liberty;

And o'er the west, beyond control,

Will "spread the truth from pole to pole."

And while the friends of liberty and light,

O'er all the earth, exultingly unite

In the great hope, that here, the cause of man,

In wisdom, peace, and harmony may reign;

Is there one selfish spirit that would mar

Their gen'rous hope, by kindling party war?—

Forbid it Heaven! with patriot ardour fire,

And freedom's sons with nobler views inspire!

Jackson, with confidence to you,
We next direct our brightening view,
Convinced thy lofty spirit must
Prove to a rival's virtue just,
And bid the millions that attend
With thee to hail him foe, or friend,
In Adams' worth their faith repose,
And so the generous contest close.

So may the martial wreath that proudly now,
With graceful laurel ornaments thy brow,
Entwined among its verdant leaves unite,
Of civic praise, an added circlet bright;
And while all selfish purposes above,
Thy moderation gains esteem and love,
May the enduring page of virtuous fame,
With Washington's enrolled, exalt thy name!

Tis not for soldier, patriot, sage,

Like thee, a covert war to wage,

And bend from thy exalted place,

To join with men of humbler race,

In organizing faction dread,

Till over all the land it spread,

And freedom's lovely, peaceful realm,

With civil discord overwhelm.

To higher destinies of glory born,

No Julian wreath shall Jackson's brow adorn;

Our country's peace and happiness his aim,

His shall as far surpass the Roman's fame

As Mississippi's proud majestic course,

O'erswells the celebrated Tyber's force;

Or the pure triumph at New-Orleans won,

Transcends the guilty passage of the Rubicon.





